## Piedmont Sunday School Institute.

Delegates from several schools in the bounds of the Piedmont Association met with the Liberty Church on Friday before the first Sunday in this month, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School Institute. The introductory sermon was delivered by Rev. D. Weston Hiatt; text-Nehemiah 4:6-"So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: for the people had a mind to work." The discourse was practical, interesting and well adapted to the occasion.

In the afternoon the above Institute was organized by electing the following named officers: President, Rev. D. Weston Histt; Vice President, S. A. Gary; Secretary and Treasurer, L. Mauldin.

On Saturday, at 10 a. m., we had a Sabbath School address from Mr. S. A. Gary, which was delivered in a very forcible and edifying manner, deeply impressing the audience with the great work of advancing the Master's cause in the way of Sunday Schools. By request, Rev. D. Weston Hiatt explained the work of the Institute, which was done with good effect. In the afternoon we had a lesson in music, ably conducted by

On Sunday morning, at 9 a. m., we held a Sunday School mass meeting. Addresses were made by Rev. W. H. Kay, Mr. S. A. Gary and Rev. D. Weston Hiatt. The speeches were good and well worth listening to. We then assembled at the water, where the pastor (D. Weston Hiatt) led two young ladies into the water, and they were buried with Christ by baptism. The missionary sermon, which was an excellent discourse, was preached by Rev. F. R. McClanahan. We then adjourned to meet with the Beaverdam Church, Anderson County, S. C., Friday before the third Sunday in

D. W. HIATT, President. L. MAULDIN, Secretary. Fair Play Lodge, L. O. of G. T. MR. EDITOR: This Lodge has been numbered with the things of the past, or, in other words, like most similar societies, it has died a natural death. It was organized with eighteen or twenty members, and out of this number, strange to say, there were only two church members; but, however, the Lodge went to work, and fought bravely for eight or ten months, asking the old church members in the neighborhood to join us and thus swell our little band, in order that we might better contend against the great army of intemperance, which has so many men, sye! and women, too, in its ranks, and which is daily growing larger and larger. Let all this be as it may, I contend that the members of the Lodge ought to have worked the harder. There was no reason why it should die out in the manner it did. But, alas! some of the members became disheartened, and, consequently, became irregular in their attendance, and the rest of the members that we were in danger of falling more back to Tobolsk. My friend and I were back to Tobolsk. My friend and I were back to Tobolsk. My friend and I were back to Tobolsk. accomplish any good, or rather they too soon gave up the good work in which they were engaged. Before they gave up, feeling their weakness, and, being desirous of awakening a new interest in the community in behalf of their Lodge, they called on the members of the church especially those living in and around Fair Flay, to join the Lodge, but all in vain. They merely evinced carelessness or rather indifference, to the cause, when we thought that they should have rendered all the aid they could in behalf of our Lodge. When called on to join, some of them remarked that they had been waiting to see whether the Lodge would continue to hold up or not. This was all the encouragement that we, a few worldly persons, received from them. when we were doing our best to improve the morals of our town and vicinity. Do you suppose that if the people of a neighborhood were to see a fire, driven by a howling wind, approaching their fencing, that they would stand back and say that we will wait to see whether the fire will reach the fencing or not? No! you would see no waiting, but the mind of every one would be bent upon quenching

whole, we can in part. Winnsboro' News: Col. Rion, at the request of Gen. LeDuc, United States Commissioner of Agriculture, has recent Commissioner of Agriculture, has recently sent to the Department of Agriculture two specimens of cork wood from his own tree. The bark sent is one inch thick. The Colonel's tree is said to be the largest in this country.

to be overcome? I answer, emphati-

aside our indifference and supply its

place with energy. We must determine

to win, and we can win. Will we allow

our fellow-beings to throw themselves

away without a struggle on our part to

THE SIBERIAN MINES.

Why Nihilism is So Widespread in Russis

If a person of sane mind were to inform you of his or her intention to spend a vacation in Siberia, you would undoubtedly smile audibly, and opine that the party making so audacious an assertion would be a fit subject for the lunatic saylum. Still I am bound to confess asylum. Still, I am bound to confess that I have just returned from a trip to that Arctic region; where I made quite a stay, in company with my friend, Robert Lemke, the eminent political economist, and a student of political philosophy, than whom there is none more thorough and more searching. We have been through the land of the Nihilists; and, however earnest we might have been in our desire to discover important in-formation, all our efforts would have been in vain had not an influential American at St. Petersburg, whose name I have promised not to mention, given us such letters of introduction that all portals were opened wide to us, and we saw and heard what

have seen and heard for a good many years. It is easily understood that the Russian Government, under the trying Russian Government, under the trying circumstances of the present day, is not very liberal in granting extended privileges to newspaper men; and, had I travelled in that capacity, I might have been denied access to the sources from which I have drawn the information about a good many things in Russia. The large cities, however, are not the places for the accumulation of knowledge such as we desired to get; and, after idling a few days at Moscow, St. Petersburg and its villageatures, we started for the Siberian mine.

Until we came to Tobolsk, there was still some civilization about and around us. But after that, we received a fore-taste of the horrors we were about to witness. For days we dragged along in a miserable carriage, without meeting anything or anybody, except the lonely Government posts, with their stupid "Starost" and his subordinate Cossacks. At last we saw in the distance a towering mountain, and within its cleft side a colossal conving similar to the pit of a volcano.

ing, similar to the pit of a volcano. FOUL AIR AND DISAGREEABLE SMELLS saluted our nostrils, and for some time we had to draw our breath hard. With our pocket-handkerchiefs crammed into our

mouths, we entered the gigantic mouth of the rock. From the walls dirty water dripped down in large drops, forming a little rivulet, which gathered in a pool outside the entrance. Toward the east and the north the territory rose as high as 4,000 feet above the sea. A chain, several miles in length, of snow-capped glaciers gave to the mine the character of an unapproachable fortress. To the left of the entrance an enormous guardhouse was built, occupied by a number of Cossacks. The establishment was about as filthy as any habitation for huabout as filthy as any habitation for hu-man beings can well be. The furniture consisted only of a few rough benches and a large table. In front of its door a double file of muskets were stacked, be-tween which a bearded Cossack marched up and down. We showed our letters to the young officer of the day, who regard-ed us wonderingly, searchingly. He seemed at a loss to understand the grant-ing of a privilege so seldom sought and

ing of a privilege so seldom sought and so rarely granted. A guide was given us, and we passed a long, narrow and dark corridor, which, to judge from the inclination of the floor, led into the depth.

PESTILENTIAL MIASMA filled the air; and, in spite of a good fur cloak—the gift of a friend in Moscow—I actually shook with the cold. The dark-

ness was so intense that neither of us could see the other. We had gone on perhaps ten minutes when I perceived, far in the distance, the rembling, uncertain glimmer of a light; d I felt sure that we were approachin the mine proper. The ground became softer and more slimy, and cold more penetrating. At every setp we sank into the marass for several inches, and there was a smell of putrefaction, as in a char-

nel-house.
"We are in front of the mine," said our guide, pointing to a high iron railing which surrounded a long cave—its massive rails, through the crevice of which hardly a rat might have squeezed itself, being covered with rust. The locks were fastened with chains of immense thick-ness and weight. A guard made his appearance, and upon the word of our guide he opened the lock—but only with a great deal of strength was he enabled so far to turn the railing upon its hinges that we could pass through into the intethat we could pass through into the interior. We stepped into a room which, although it was large enough otherwise, hardly permitted a full grown man to stand upright, and was lighted only by a poor oil lamp, which left all surrounding things in darkness.

"Where are we?" I asked the guide.

"In the dormitory of the prisoners," he answered. "Formerly this was a well-yielding lode; now we have made it into the flames before any damage could be done them. There would soon be quite an army of persons arrayed to contend against the flames, and they would fight in earnest, too. Then is it not of much more importance to contend against the great flame of intemperance which is sweeping over our land and destroying so many persons, both morally and socially; that flame that is wrecking the happiness and fortunes of so many of our fellowbeings. It is a plain fact, which does out, and the entire room gave the impression of an enormous bee-hive. Every cell harbors five prisoners during the not require double glasses to behold. It requires no deductive or inductive system of reasoning to get at the truth of the a strong iron bar was fastened, to which the unhappy mortals were locked and matter. We have the evils caused by inchained like so many dogs. No door, no window, no chair, no table, no shelving temperance daily before our eyes, and why will people not unite in its suppression? Has it taken such a hold upon iron! The straw which served as a bed our people at large, that it is too strong

WET AND HALF BOTTEN : cally, no! All that we need is unity of action and perseverance. We must cast little bag filled with straw served as pillow: a wet sheet, made of bag-linen. any kind. In one corner a lamp faintly glimmered, in honor of the Madonna, whose image was fastened above it in an old gilt frame. An insupportable dread overcame me

save them? Will we allow them to give in gazing upon this picture of terrible desolation and misery; and I drew a long breath of relief when we passed out of the "dormitory," and into another corridor, dark as the first one, but less slipthemselves up to the demon, Intemperance, that destroys so many, robs so many, blights so many hopes, and wrecks so many brains, making persons totally pery. Everything was as quiet as unfit for society or earth, or to enter the cave, in the centre of which stood a round table and three benches. Several kingdom of Heaven? Let every man stand bravely to his post, and we can torches, fastened to iron rings in the wall, prevent these direful effects-if not in of which I saw a window almost covered with iron bars, through which a faint ray this, mingled with the torchlight, progloomy beyond description. This was the mine proper, and here an infernal

working the iron ore. Before us we saw several hundred ragged creatures, with terribly rough, long beards, faces pale as death, or of a sickly yellow, with red-rimmed eyes, dragging heavy chains, rat-tling them at every motion.

THE PRISONERS. Not one looked healthy, and not one spoke, or sang, or whistled; they all worked in silence, looking askance at us, and rattling again their chains, which had been put upon them in the name of justice. Many of them were barefoot; a few wore the remnants of shoes upon their feet. The rags which covered them were completely saturated with the drip-ping water, so that they could not give to the shivering bodies one atom of warmth.
Upon their beards I saw long icicles;
and I sometimes watched one or the other
blow into his chilled hands or shake convulsively in the icy-cold air. I shall never forget the dreadful scene; and, in contemplating it, I would imagine for a moment that mountain sprites were busy here at their hidden work; but the clanking of the chains, the groaning of the prisoners, and the rough cries of the task-masters soon recalled the dreadful reality. The hammering and digging never ceased. If an exile attempted to rest a little, the sharp command of the overseer soon put him to work again; and there was a feverish, uneasy activity. One of the prisoners—a slight, fine figure, with a face the profile of which showed extraa face the profile of which showed extraordinary beauty—excited our particular
attention. With visible exertion he
swung his pickaxe, and his breath came
wheezing from the chest; but he could
not loosen the stone, and sometimes his
arms fell despairingly to his side.
We approached him. "Why are you
here?" I asked. He looked up shyly,
almost frightened, and continued his
work.

about the cause of their exile," the in-

spector informed us.
"Who is the prisoner?" I asked our "No./114," he answered, laconically.
"So I see," I replied; "but I mean his name, his family, his crime."
"It is Count de Parentoff," he replied

—"a well known conspirator. I am sorry not to be able to tell you more about No.

114."
The foul air almost suffocated me. beckoned to the guide and to my friend. He and I hastily traversed again the nar-row corridors and ascended to the world again, where the chief commander sa-

luted us.

"Well," he asked, "what impression has our institution made upon you?"

We bowed in silence.

He seemed delighted, and remarked ironically: "Our boys below work diligently, do they not?"

"Indeed they do," answered my friend; "but with what feeling of relief the unhappy ones must greet their Sunday, when they can take a rest."

"Rest!" he said, wonderingly, "they have none;

THEY MUST WORK ALWAYS!"

"Always?" "Most certainly! They are condemned to work everlastingly. He who once enters the mine never leaves it again!" "But this is barbaric," I could not re-

frain from saying.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The ex iles," he replied, "work twelve hours daily, and on Sundays, too. They are never permitted to rest. Oh! but yes—twice during the year; at Easter, and on the birthday of our glorious Emperor!"
And he removed his hat, as though he had spoken the name of the Lord.

sia. But hereafter we shall not be so very much shocked and surprised when we read of the terrible spread of that po-litical fanaticism which is called Nihilism in the great Empire of the European

DENNIS KEARNEY RISES TO EXPLAIN Francisco Post, in a recent issue, says: Dennis Kearney, as usual, was the principal speaker at the sand lot yesterday. The only thing of interest in his speech was the explanation of his "call" upon Gen. Grant, of which he said: All of you have heard of the arrival in our city of Gen. Grant. He came here one week ago yesterday, and was received with great honors. Looking upon him as a representative citizen, who has had un-usual opportunities for observation in foreign countries, and particularly in China, I considered it my duty as a cit-zen to visit him, and to bid him welcome in behalf of the workingmen to our home; to invite him to the sand lot and to visit our mayor elect, Dr. Kalloch who is unable to pay his respects to this distinguished citizen. Therefore, on Thursday morning, bright and early, after having spent the only twenty-five cents that I had on that day in getting shaved and having my shoes blacked, went to the Palace Hotel, wrote my name on a card, and asked the clerk to send it up to Gen. Grant. He did so, and after the lapse of a few moments the waiter re-turned and informed me that the General yielding lode; now we have made it into a sleeping-room." We shuddered. This subterranean cave, into which neither that he had left it on the General's table, subterranean cave, into which neither that he had left it on the General's table, and that Mrs. Grant had informed him that the General was not up, whereupon this terrible grave, the air of which was pregnant with fearful miasma, the unfortunates banished here by the unpitiable law of despotism were compelled to rest, after the day's work, upon a poor bed of straw! Into the dripping walls of the rock alcove-like cells had been hollowed out, and the entire room gave the image in that the had left it on the General's table, and that Mrs. Grant had informed him that the General was not up, where upon sevent to that the General was not up, where upon sevent to that Mrs. Grant had informed him that the General was not up, where upon sevent to that Mrs. Grant had informed him that the General was not up, where upon sevent to the General was not up, where upon sevent to that Mrs. Grant had informed him that the General was not up, where upon a first that the General was not up, where upon a first that the General was not up, where upon a first that the General was not up, where upon a continuous continuous that the General was not up, where upon a continuous continu again, when, upon sending up my name I was told by the waiter who returned that Gen. Grant wished to be excused from seeing me. I thanked him and left considering that I had done my duty During the week, when my intention of visiting Gen. Grant became known, I was told that it would be necessary that I should be introduced by some of the persons by whom he has been surrounded since his arrival in this city. Not being desirous of associating or being identified with this class of persons, many of whom I expect to see in the striped garments o convicts before another year rolls round, I declined the proffered assistance and went alone, with the result which I have stated. I have no comments whatever to make upon the facts, but the working-

- Next to the love of her husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with nonor as this second love, the devotion of the son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced and the man who is gallant to the girl may cruelly neglect the poor and weary wife. But the big boy who is a lover of his mother at a middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as in the daisied spring. There is nothing so beautifully chivalrous as the love of a big boy for his mother.

- Every moral system which cannot noise was heard, caused by the pickaxts give to man a new heart will be and and hammers with which the exiles were must be a failure.

WHALES FIGHTING AT SEA. old Whaler Explains Why a Merchan Vessel May Run Into Anything.

On board of all merchant vessels (as the bark Columbia would be called in nautical parlance), there is no lookout kept either from the vessel's deck or masthead, and if any strange object is seen on the ocean by any of the crew of a mer-chantman, it is more by accident than design. That is the reason so many ship-wrecked mariners who survive the disaster have always incidents to relate of vessels passing near them and not coming to

All merchant vessels take as few men as possible to manage them from port to port, for the purpose of reducing expen-ses. There are no extra men provided against cases of sickness or death. If a man is off duty the others of his "watch" on deck are obliged to perform his part of the work. As everybody knows, it is the rule of the sea for the vessel's safety to always have one half of its crew on deck when she is upon the mighty deep. But you can easily comprehend that if the crew of a merchantman is small in pro-portion to her tonage, one-half of her crew has constant employment during the day in fine and fair weather to keep the vessel clean and in sailing condition.
The rigging of a vessel is worse than the rigging of a woman. You get a woman well rigged and she will keep herself so for a while; but the rigging of a vessel is always out of order. Of course I am referring to "sailing" vessels only.

I have merely stated these facts to show you that the watches on deck during the

day have all their time and attention ta-ken up "in board," in keeping the vessel in order, and that they rarely cast their eyes "sea board" without they expect something to cross their vision. I will mention an incident which occurred to me in the Indian Ocean, a hundred miles to the eastward of the Island of St. Paul's. Our bokout at mast head, one day, discovered a sail two points off our lee bow, apparently standing the same way as ourselves on an east northeas course. As the day drew along we gradually overhauled the stranger, who appeared to be a full-rigged ship, with everything she could set, from her royals down, standing, as we were, close hauled on the port tack. When we raised her hull from our deck we sent the stars and stripes glancing to the peak, brought our glasses to bear on her, and expected to get a response. We held our spyglasses to our eyes for some time, but we could get no responsive signal from her. We were now curious. Our ensign was of an unusual size and might have been easily seen by the naked eye from this slow sailer off our lee bow. We gave them a better view of our flag by approaching nearer. We swung our ship off, hauled up our fore and main sails, and ran before the wind toward the strange vessel, which was now but two points forward of our lee beam. We heart watch of her mirron near avanction kept watch of her mizzen peak, expecting every moment to see the signal go up in esponse to ours. Nearer and nearer we head had for some time seen the crew move about on her deck, she failed to show her colors. We then resolved to run down across her stern, and see if she had any name, and learn, if we could who and what she was. To briefly conclude, we ran down across her stern and hailed her, and we got to leeward of her, hauled again on the wind, and had lowered one Dutch flag to her peak. As we were strong handed, I lowered the quarter boat and, selecting two Dutchman from East Indiaman and boarded her. Of course, after the first salutation that one master of a vessel gives to another on like occasions, I inquired the reason why they had not responded to our signal and shown their colors before they did. Would you believe it, they never saw our

how easily a merchant vessel may knock the end off of an iceberg. sunk by whales, history records. Both and both were sunk by sperm whales (bulls). These vessels had both attacked the whales first in boats, which were stove by the infuriated mousters. The captains in each case then attacked the whales with their ships, and in doing so were in return attacked by the whales and sunk. The whale is the most dothe only ones, I believe, known in the history of the whale fishery. I do not believe a whale attacked the bark Columbia. If a whale sunk that bark it was by accident. Two incidents in my expeience of whales strengthens my opinion Sperm whales (the bulls only) dreadful battles with each other at sea and when fighting those battles are oblivious to everything around them. Two hundred miles northwest of the Western Islands in the Atlantic Ocean, in 1852, I was an eye witness of one of those fear the deep. We had just begun our cruise, and were not ready to catch or lower for whales, so we ran our ship down close to them, and even ran on top of them, without being discovered. The sea all around them was colored with fought like demons. Again, in the Cele Then we were prepared to take fish. We lowered our four boats and came upon them so unawares that we fastened to each whale and killed them with our lances at once. Here, again, was the sea all bloody, and when we hauled them alongside of the ship long, deep ridges were found ploughed in the sides of the

ship until we were down almost on top

of them and created a consternation

and bleeding. We stowed down 188 bar-rels of sperm oil out of the two.

If a vessel as old as the bark Columbia should strike one of these sperm whales, the vessel going at the rate of six or and spring her seams at the stem; and if the Captain or crew did not know enough to heave the vessel to, draw a sail under her bow, or pump ship, why she would sink. According to the account I read, the Columbia's crew did nothing but desert her when they found she had sprung a leak. Might not the Columbia have run into a sperm whale while fight-

The Democratic national committee will hold its meeting to arrange for the opening of the presidential campaign, in Boston, on the 23d of February next, the 22d, their customary time of meeting, falling on Sunday.

- In a recent speech at Austin, Texas, Senator Maxey advised that the actions and utterances of the Southern people should be regulated so as not to furnish Republicans with grounds for conducting a sectional campaign.

- Hon. Henry Watterson, editor of lina next year in the interest of the Na-

Bull-Fighting in Mexico.

MATAMOROS, August 4. I have just witnessed a bull fight in this city—a singular scene within a mile or two of the United States boundary line. The fight was so different in many respects from similar scenes in South America and old Spain that I describe it for our readers: The seats around the arens are filled with the elite of Tamaulipas, including many women, some beautiful, some pretty and a good many

The bull is driven into the arena, The bull is driven into the arena, a thin, gaunt animal, pale yellow or cream color, long-pointed horns, short head and fiery eye, but young, not evidently more than a three year old, and sadly weakened by long fasting. He snorts and takes a hurried survey of the scene. A picador, in red tights, runs past him and flaunts a red rag in his face. The bull snorts, runs his long horn, with a quick flashing motion, through the red cloth, and tears it from the man's hand. Other picadors it from the man's hand. Other picadors repeat the same thing, the brute becomes
excited and charges wildly at his tormentors they spring lightly to one side blinding
the bull with the cloth, or bound up the side of the high fence, beyond the reach of his sharp horns. The crowd hoot and yell for the bandarias (arrows with strong, barbed iron points, winged with a profusion of colored paper cut in strips.) The picador most skillfully seizes one in aroused and maddened animal rushes savagely at him, plants the two bandarias two sides of the animal's neck who pitches roars and charges around th arena, blood flowing freely, the colored paper streamers flying, and the crowd yelling and hooting like demons.

When the bull, worried and bleeding shows an inclination to make his escape from his torturers, the crowd yell a pruidus los fuegos (light him with fire.) Then another brings what looks like two short rockets, with huge barbed iron points and the state of the sta each containing several loaded rockets, so arranged that when struck into the bull they will at each discharge and drive the point in deeper. The match is touched to the rocket, and they are hurled or driv-en into the neck or back of the brute. He bellows. The fuse hisses. The rocksuccession, enveloping the animal in smoke. The hair is burned from the skin, and the skin parched and burned by the fearful explosions, resembling a small cannon. The sharp irons are driven further into the quivering flesh at every discharge. The blood streams from his wounds until, as it happened to one of the bulls on this occasion, he falls to the ground as though dead, overcome by torture and loss of blood. Now the clown announces, after three animals, almost precisely alike in size, action, and color, had been thus bated and worried finally lassoed, thrown down and the iron barbs pulled out of their flesh, and turned out of the arena in turn, that they were most profoundly grateful in turn, &c., and would announce the close of the performance, and that another would take place on some future day. His voice is drowned by a fierce roar from the crowd of "Traigen una pos mantato." (Bring in another and kill him.) The clown answers: "This is a sovereign city, and permission must first be ob-tained." He bounds up the fence in front of the officials of the city and asks permission with hat in hand. It is, of

course, granted. He announces the re sult. The crowd cheer vociferously. The Bull enters, is bated and worried as before described. A picador seizes a short, straight, double-edged sword, makes a lunge at the bull, inflicts an ugly around and again drives the blade down the side of the neck into his vitals. The dark blood spurts out. The clown excoutes the movement of the staggering, dying animal. The bull does not fall, but looks so appealingly with his great brown liquid eyes at his executioners, as if asking what they would do next. He is only terribly wounded. A rope is thrown over his horns, his head is drawn down to the ground, and the sword forced into the back of his neck. The dying moans, the screams of terror and agony uttered by the poor creature are heartrending to those having a heart.

WOMEN AND TOBACCO.-There are many women, wives particularly, who make tobacco a source of a large amount of family unhappiness. They are everlast ingly railing against smoking, continu ally getting at swords points with every male friend and relative, and gaining nothing by it but a grim defiance, which discovers the fact that in the long run a man's will is equally as strong as a wo man's when he once sets out upon a sub-ject with the preconceived determination of having his own way. Then there is the nervous woman who faints at the smell of tobacco smoke, and can detect a smoker a mile off; and the particular creature who is afraid of the house and the furniture becoming impregnated with vapor. These unphilosophical wives rush to the extremity of driving the smoker from home to indulge elsewhere in his failing for the obnoxious "weed." All this is a very grave error, and if the little wives only knew how much unhappiness might—if it has not already—result from this very proceeding, they would reflect twice before resorting to such petty tyranny. Let the smoker have some cozy little nook to himself where he can puff as much as he releases. where he can puff as much as he please without being continually tormented about it until fault-finding becomes a bore and dread to him; let it be sacred to cigars and meerschaum, spittoons and pipes, of whatever description. He has an equal right to home and the privileges the proprietorship should iusure him. You will find that he will not fall into the unpleasant trick of keeping late spend his leisure hours at his own fire-

In the days of courtship-which bring us to young ladies who may be at present enjoying that delectable season—you would not have thought to upbraid him for such small errors, much less to have driven him from your side by fainting no. You might have stowed the knowledge of the aforesaid away in your memory against the time "when you two shall be one," but for the time being you week dan all dem wha'rs heah an' what's in Afriky sense de Zulus got lick'd by de Britishers could do! Don't yer try would have let it slumber voiceless, just as the knowing little sweethearts of the as the knowing little sweethearts present generation are doing. In fact, on birthday anniversaries and holiday occasions, when you found you had pre-viously exhausted every other suitable and available memento of friendship and something more, you might have active ly decided upon a smoking-cap as your

- An Alabama woman has originated a novel industry which may prove to be an important and interesting one. She the down off the feathers of turkey and other fowls from their quills and weaves it into a thick soft cloth, which can be dyed any desired color, and out of cloaks, sacques, etc., can be made. His in-ability to buy her a seal skin sacque led

offering to his lordship.

The "Bloodhound" Show.

John Thomas Butler, of Hamburg, S. C., has brought to New York a pack of hounds with which he proposes to show the manner in which runaway slaves were pursued in the South. He asserts that an exaggerated impression prevails at the North respecting the cruelty of this practice, and his exhibitions are intended to make money and also to illustrate his claim that the purpose of using the hounds is simply to find and detain the been half as much expedition and force Georgia paper prefaces a dun notice to nounds is simply to find and detain the fugitives without injuring them. He has brought with him a negro, named "Sam," who is willing to play the runaway, and a sturdy little mare, whose speed is to give him an advantage over the hounds. A reporter accepted an invitation to impact the pack hefere the process and notice to put in operation from the time of my father's calling for troops until the battle double barrel shot gun.

— A lively old woman in North Carbonia to give him an advantage over the hounds. A reporter accepted an invitation to impact the pack hefere the work here the pack hefere the process and notice to put in operation and force Georgia paper prefaces a dun notice to put in operation from the time of my father the attle double barrel shot gun.

— A lively old woman in North Carbonia to give him an advantage over the hounds. A reporter accepted an invited in the put in operation from the time of my father battle this horrible massacre would never have occurred. The government with its slow who came to celebrate her 100th birthday; and, unless the local paper lies, she still when the put in operation from the time of my father's calling for troops until the battle this horrible massacre would never have occurred. The government with its slow who came to celebrate her 100th birthday; and unless the local paper prefaces a dun notice to put in operation from the time of my father's calling for troops until the battle this horrible massacre would never have occurred. The government with its slow who came to celebrate her 100th birthday; and the put in operation from the time of my father's calling for troops until the battle this horrible massacre would never have occurred. The government with its slow who came to celebrate her 100th birthday; and the put in operation from the time of my father's calling for the put in operation from the time of my father's calling for the put in operation from the time of my father the put in operation from the time of my father the put in operation from the father vitation to inspect the pack before the exhibition, and approached, with trepidation, the stable where they were confined. On entering he found himself, to his surprise, in the midst of a dozen longheaded, playful fox-hounds. "Why, said he, "these are not blood-hounds. "They are as near to it as we have in South Carolina," said Mr. Butler. "What South Carolina," said Mr. Eutler. What do you call them?" "We call them ber 10, they would have reached there in 'nigger' dogs, or fox dogs. They are the same that were formerly used to catch same that were formerly used to catch of the red devils that it would have been of the red devils that it would have been same that were formerly used to catch fugitive slaves, and no huge savage of the red devils that it would have blood-hounds, such as you have heard hard to find one alive to-day.

The life of one common white man is worth more than all the Indians from the worth more than all the Indians from the dogs along to pay my expenses, and to show you all at the North that we are not as bad as we are said to be."

"Sam" mounted the mare, and rode down the hill on which the spectators sat to the judge's stand in Fleetwood Park, where he dismounted and started to run at a pace that would win him a place in short-distance foot-race. He ran about and then rushed in behind some bushes Mr. Butler called his hounds by sounding an old cow-horn, and started them in pursuit by a kind of "cat call." Catchpursuit by a kind of "cat call." Catching the scent quickly, they followed, baying loudly, and were lost to sight. The negro reappeared from the bushes, and running quickly to the fence, remounted the mare and galloped around the course. The dogs came behind, at a considerable distance theirs his exact course but distance, taking his exact course, but when they came to where the negro had remounted they were puzzled. In try-ing to recover the scent they got across the former trail and gave up the hunt Mr. Butler had said before the trial that the high wind and the dry ground would make it difficult to give a satisfactory exhibition on that day. "Sam" then came up with the pack, and again started, mounted from the beginning this time, with the pack at his heels, and an exciting chase took place around the course. ing chase took place around the course creased her lead all the way around. Reaching the gate "Sam" consented to be "treed," and mounting the high gatepost, awaited the hounds. When they found him they redoubled their noise, and leaped high into the air, trying to reach the negro, who beat them off with his whip, until Mr. Butler came up and sounded his horn, at which the barking cassed as by marie, and the furtifive creased her lead all the way around. ceased as by magic, and the fugitive came down. Mr. Butler said the dogs would have bitten the negro, well as they knew him, had he descended before the horn sounded, unless he had a club with which to beat them off. The mora be careful to have a tree handy when the dogs overtake him or, if he is caught in a swamp, he should be able to cut a

hickory stick in season.

J. T. Butler is not a relative of Gen M. C. Butler. He is a young man of twenty-five, of pleasant manners. His father had both slaves and dogs, and on they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls. one occasion tracked a man three hu dred miles, and brought him back. Mr. Butler expects to exhibit his dogs in other parts of the country, and in Europe.—New York Tribune.

EFFECTS OF MODERN INVENTIONS ON NIGGER PROGRESS.-Old Si waited until the signal bell of the telephone ceased ringing. Then said he:

"You w'ite folkes is allus lamentating 'bout de niggers in dis county not hum-pin' derselbs an' makin' ob er livin' like unto odder folkes—how yer 'speck dey's gwine ter do dat wid all sich convensuns ez dat dar hangin' up on ebery wall "Well, that is a grave question of polit-

ical economy; but what has the tele-phone to do with the negro making a "Dar now! dat opens de marter fer

"An' whose laber do hit save? Not de w'ite folkes' laber, do it? No! Hit's de neigger's laber all de time. 'Fore dese tings cum 'round hyar ebery time er genl'man wanted ter sen' word ter his wife 'bout de company fur supper, er de bucks wished fur ter forrered dere sweetheart fur ter go ter de theater, dey hunted up er slim, limber-jinted, flatfoot nigger ter gallup wid de note. Dat war laber dat pade nigger er big profit on de outlay ob strenf—but how am hit now? De telerfone dun saved

"Ah! I see you point!" "Well, hit's mo' pinted dan dat! Hyar dey puts on a'r-brakes on de traines and harge all de nigger brakesman; you'se all turned de niggers outen de press-room down stars an' ackohully dun gone ter foldin' papers by mershenry; an' down dar ter de boss' house de odder day I seed dey had er flyin'-jinny on de ta-

clock-work 'rangement!"
"But, old fellow, these are great helps "Dat's what dey say, but I's moughty jubious on nigger progriss in sech times ez dese. Ennybody what kno's er nigger kno's dat he warn't cut out ter lib in e country full er Yankee noshins an'

double-back-ackshun convenshuns ter beat 'em outen de odd jobs dey wuz "You darkeys must take advantage of these things!"
"Jess so! But how's we gwine ter do hit? Dat's de pint wid me! But I boun' ef I wuz turn'd loose' in de patent offis bout er day wid dis ole ax dere'd be mo laber fer niggers in dis country de nex

And the old man made a mouth at the telephone and went out wistling, "Auld Lang Syne."—Atlanta Constitution.

- The Baltimore American entertains hopes of a revival in the Republican party in the South. It says: "Re-cent trustworthy advices from South Carolina and Texas report serious dissensions among the Democrats of both States that may prove a powerful force for party disintergration. In Texas there is every prospect that two independents, pledged not to act with the Democrats, will be elected to the next Con gress, and in South Carolina there seems to be no doubt that the Republicans will effect a perfect organization during the A Letter from the Daughter of Agent

DENVER, Col., October 9. The following is a letter from Miss Meeker, daughter of Agent Meeker, recently murdered by the Utes at the may talk in broken language, but it will

White River Agency:
GREELEYL October 9, 1879.—I, as the eldest daughter of the martyred Agent troops. After three weeks' delay so mall a detachment was sent that it was overcome, giving the Indians more power and Florida at the next presidential elecwhy, small a detachment was sent that it was sunds." overcome, giving the Indians more power than they had before. Had the cow-boys of Colorado been called out on September 10, they would have reached there in are the time to save the lives at the agency, and

sent time, and yet such a man as my fa-ther, with brains, intellect and power to move the thoughts of meu—his life is now ignominiously put out by the hand of a savage foe whose life or soul is not worthy of a dog, and no power in the land to stay the deed. What a magnanimous government we have to pamper a set of creatures whose existence should have been a thing of the past long ago. Oh, my father! Could I have but died in your stead! My protector, my hope and joy! Oh, the broken heart of widows, daughters and sisters who to-day at this hour mourn the loss of their dear martyred ones who were their support, love, life and their all! They are now gone from their side forever, with only sorrow and desolation for ther comforter through life. Who can pay the price of this mighty woe? Truly, the blood of the martyred ones cries out for vengeance, and shall the voice of anguish be hushed?

ROSE MEEKER.

TEACH YOUR BOYS.—Teach them that

true lady may be found in calico quite s frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education with common sense, is far better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen

beggarly "professions."

Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that 'tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whiskey," etc., and point your precept by the examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed. Teach them to respect their elders and

themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless. Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when He gave the seventh commandment He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach that by indulging their depraved

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villain

A GOOD REASON .- "I hear that it has been decided to have nothing but native California wines at the Great Banquet in San Francisco," remarked a man on C dinal should be at the head of the editorial should be at the head of the head of the editorial should be at the head of the editorial street yesterday.
"Yes; that's the idea," said half a

dozen within hearing.

The first speaker was lost in reflection for several minutes, when he continued. "It'l make trouble, sure, if they use Cali-

Every man in the group seemed to be fishing up something from his memory, and one after another they expressed their views.

"It was five years ago," said the first speaker, "that I first tackled California champagne. I called on a lady and she opened two bottles. I drank 'em both "Dar now! dat opens de marter let debate. I'm wid yer now. Dat's what yer calls 'er laber-sabin' convenshin, aint hit?"

the lady, beat her poodle to death with a chair, kicked a child, broke up the mirrors chair, kicked a child, broke up the mirrors and gass fixtures, and was dragged out of the house by the police. Next day the husband came after me with a six shooter and demanded an explanation. I simply told him his wife had opened some California wine. He grasped me by the hand and said no apologies were Here every listener looked a moment at

the speaker and they all murmured in

'You bet; I've been there."

READING TWENTY SQUARE MILES OF WHEAT.—The poetry of the harvest field will have to be written. A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing

rough materials for one canto.
"Just think," he says, "of a sea wheat containing twenty square miles-13,000 acres—rich, ripe, golden; the winds rippling over it. As far as the eye can see there is the same golden sunse hue. Far away on the horizon you be hold an army sweeping along in grand procession. Riding on to meet it you see a major general on horseback-the superintendent; two brigadiers on horse-back—reapers. No swords flash in the sunlight, but their weapons are monkey wrenches and hammers. No brass band no drum beat or shrill note of the fife, but the army moves on-a solid phalanx of twenty-four self-binding reap-At one sweep in a twinkling, a swath of one hundred and ninety-two feet has been cut and bound—the reaper tossing the bundles almost disdainfully into the air-each binder doing the work of six men. In all there are 115 self-binding about 400 men are employed, and during thrashing 600—their wages being 32 a

day with board It is said the carrier-pigeons fligh by sight and therefore that, although they can cover three or four hundred miles without a rest, they could not find their way to land over three hundred miles of trackless ocean. Some Antwerp birds were put on board a ship going to the East. At a distance of one hundred miles from home they were let out of their cage. They would not return home, but kept flying about the vessel. The inference is that they did not know the way back.

People learn wisdom by experience A man never wakes up his second baby Bull's Baby Syrup handy.

VOL. XV--NO. 15. GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

- The only woolen mill in Texas is at New Braunfels. Last year the profits

- It is said that mummies make good

lives, though that occurred seven years ago.

- According to a Washington dispatch to the Cincinnati Commercial, Southern - President Grevy deserves the grati-

tude of the traveling public for vetoing cil of Paris for re-naming the streets of the Empire, such as the Rue Bonaparte, the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Cambaceres. Such a proceeding, aside from the confusion it would occasion, would be of a piece with the Commune's overthrow of the Vendome column.

overthrow of the Vendome column.

— Gen. Chalmers' diagnosis of General Woodford's case is probable the correct one. Woodford does not believe in the jury system whenever his client loses; it is only when he wins that it becomes the palladium, etc. General Woodford is also incensed because he was treated like a gentleman. He wanted to be outraged and wasn't. He wanted to be outraged
and wasn't. He returns to New York
an unpunctured wind-bag—full of sound
and fury, signifying nothing.

— Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague was 39
years old on the 13th of last August.
The Bible says so. In Mr. Chase's diary

at the time of his daughter's birth occur the following remarkable entry: "The babe is pronounced pretty but I think it quite otherwise. It is, however, well formed, and I am thankful. May God

admitted through open courts. No mob could take the bank, therefore, without cannon to batter the immense walls. The clock in the center of the bank has fifty dials attached to it. Large cisterns are sunk in the courts, and engines in perfect order are always in readiness in case of

—A man in Kansas who represented himself as a "practical farmer" visited all the fairs with a prize pumpkin, and took the premiums every time. It measured seven feet around and weighed 230 pounds. Several days ago, at Council Grove, a rival farmer attempted to tap the pumpkin, in the abscence of its owner to get some of the seeds, and he discovered that it was made of wood. This beats

the ingenious Connecticut invention of bass-wood cucumber seed. — When the present Pope was a Car-dinal he cherished the idea of publishing a Catholic journal that should be an organ for his church, and that could be read by all the people of Europe and America in their mother language. Since his elevation to the Pontificate, he has exerted himself to start this newspaper, and now announces that its first number will be issued next month. It will be questions of the day, and officially repre-sent the opinions of the Holy See. The compositors are to be the deaf and dumb pupils in the asylums of Rome. Ali-monde will be the general superinten-

rial department. The novel paper will start with 42,000 subscribers. Very few of this number are Italians. — The arrest by the police of a child ten years old has revealed the existence of one of those mysterious branches of industry carried on in Paris under cover of darkness. The child in question had been observed by the guardians of the peace loitering, with a big wicker cage, along the streets, and making sudden dashes into doorways after some invisi-ble object. This object was found, on a policeman thereupon thought himself ustified in asking the little vagabond his business. "Oh, I am hunting cats," re-plied the boy, "but I havn't done much to-night, they are too cunning, and I have only got the one you see in the cage." Further inquiry disclosed the fact that he was thus sent out at night to capture the unlucky felines by his father, who employed the day in selling the results

of his son's nocturnal prowlings to the keepers of eating houses. What the lat-ter did with the cats is not stated. - When Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner in the Castle of Lochburne in the winter and early spring of 1568, she drew young George Douglas, the strip-ling brother of William Douglas, the Governor of Lochburn, into her favor for the purpose of effecting her escape. The youth was won completely. On evening of the 2d of May, 1568, keeper and his family being at table, George seized the keys and fled across the lake with the royal prisoner. For this romantic allegiance Queen presented to George Douglas a lock of her hair. Now it so came about that as time rolled on this lock—of a silken tex-ture and beautiful pale auburn—was found among some old papers at "Wishaw," one of the estates of the Douglas family. And as time again passed when the late John Carrol Brent visited the late Mrs. Catharine Pyc Douglas, of Rose Hall, Scotland, a relative, she showed him the lock, and, dying seven years later, in 1847, bequeathed it to him. At the death of John Carrol to him. At the death of John Carrot to him. At the death of John Carrot Brent it fell into the possession of his Brent, of Washington, D. C., who is now at Bedford Springs, and who herself kindly told the Lynch-burg News, of last Thursday, all about

MANUMISSION OF SLAVES IN CUBA .-A commercial house in New York has furnished the following advices from their correspondents in Havana, dated the 13th instant: The alcalde correjider (mayor) of Havana, Mr. Anto nioGonzalez Mendoza, has given freedom to all his slaves, three hundred in number. When this became known to the negroes in Hayana they proposed to serenade the mayor, but the government interfered and prohibited them from so doing. The planters of St. Jago de Cuba have held a meeting and agreed, with two exceptions, to free their slaves, but upon estates the negroes killed their overseers and then went before a justice and stated that they had done so on account of bad treatment. From many of the estates the negroes have left and joined the insurnts, those that remained refusing to